The Juniata Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED IN 1846.

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Juniata Sentinel.

B. F. SCHWEIER, [THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.] EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME XXV, NO. 46 MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., NOVEMBER 8, 1871. WHOLE NUMBER 1287.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

All advertising for less than three months for one square of nine lines or less, will be charged one insertion, 75 cents, three $1,50, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

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LOUIS E. ATKINSON,
Attorney at Law,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
☞Collecting and Conveyancing promptly attended to.
Office, second story of Court House, above Prothonotary's office.

ROBERT McMEEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office on Bridge street, in the room formerly occupied by Ezra D. Parker, Esq.

ALEX. K. McCLURE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
144 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
oct27-tf

S. B. LOUDEN,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.,
Offers his services to the citizens of Juniata County as Auctioneer and Vendue Crier. Charges, from two to ten dollars. Satisfaction warranted. [nov3-6m.

DR. P. C. RUNDIO,
DRUGGIST,
PATTERSON, PENN'A.
August 18, 1869-tf.

THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D.,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Office in Belford's building, two doors above the *Sentinel* office, Bridge street. [aug 18-tf

D. C. SMITH, M. D.,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Having permanently located in the borough of Mifflintown, offers his professional services to the citizens of this place and surrounding country.
Office on Main street, over Beidler's Drug Store. [aug 18 1869-tf

G. W. McPHERRAN,
Attorney at Law,
601 SANSOM STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
aug 18 1869-1y

CENTRAL CLAIM AGENCY,
JAMES M. SELLERS,
144 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
☞ Bounties, Pensions, Back Pay, Horse Claims, State Claims, &c., promptly collected. No charge for information, nor when money is not collected. [oct27-tf

Dr. R. A. Simpson
Treats all forms of disease, and may be consulted as follows:—At his office in Liverpool Pa., every SATURDAY and MONDAY—appointments can be made for other days.
At John G. Lipp's residence, Mifflintown, Juniata Co., Pa., Sep. 28th, 1871, till evening. Be punctual
☞Call on or address
DR. R. A. SIMPSON,
dec 7 Liverpool, Perry Co., Pa.

BLOOMSBURG STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AND
Literary and Commercial Institute.
The Faculty of this Institution aim to be very thorough in their instruction, and to look carefully after the manners, health and morals of the students.
☞ Apply for catalogues to
HENRY CARVER, A. M.,
Sept 28, 1870-6m] Principal.

New Drug Store
IN PERRYSVILLE.
DR. J. J. APPLEBAUGH has established a Drug and Prescription Store in the above-named place, and keeps a general assortment of
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
Also all other articles usually kept in establishments of this kind.
Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes, Cigars, Tobacco, Stationery, Confections (first-class), Notions, etc., etc.
☞The Doctor gives advice free

J. M. KEPHEART
WITH
BARNES BROTHER & HERRON
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
HATS AND CAPS,
503 Market Street, Philadelphia.
aug 18, 1869-1y.

A. G. POSTLETHWAITE. | J. C. M'NAUGHTON

A. G. POSTLETHWAITE & CO,
General Commission Merchants,
FOR
THE SALE OF ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE.
No. 264 South Front Street,
marl1-tf PHILADELPHIA.

BEST CIGARS IN TOWN
AT
Hollobaugh's Saloon.
Two for 5 cents. Also, the Freshest Lager, the Largest Oysters, the Sweetest Cider, the Finest Domestic Wines, and, in short, anything you may wish in the
EATING OR DRINKING LINE
at the most reasonable prices. He has also refitted his
BILLIARD HALL,
so that it will now compare favorably with any Hall in the interior of the State.
June 1, 1870-1y

A FINE assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., just received and for sale by S. B. LOUDON.

Local Advertisements.

The Place for Good Grape-vines
IS AT THE
Juniata Valley Vineyards,
AND GRAPE-VINE NURSERY.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the public that he has started a Grape-vine Nursery about one mile northeast of Mifflintown, where he has been testing a large number of the different varieties of Grapes; and having been in the business for seven years, he is now prepared to furnish
VINES OF ALL THE LEADING VARIETIES, AND OF THE MOST PROMISING KINDS, AT
LOW RATES,
by the single vine, dozen, hundred or thousand. All persons wishing good and thrifty vines will do well to call and see for themselves.
☞ Good and responsible Agents wanted. Address,
JONAS OBERHOLTZER,
Mifflintown, Juniata Co., Pa.

The "Guyper" Market Car.

THE undersigned, having purchased of S. H. Brown the renowned "Guyper" Market Car, desires to inform his friends of Mifflin, Patterson and vicinity, and the public generally, that he will run the car regularly, leaving Mifflin Station every Monday noon for the Eastern markets, and returning on WEDNESDAY, loaded with
FRESH FISH,
OYSTERS,
APPLES,
VEGETABLES OF ALL KINDS IN SEASON,
And Everything Usually Carried in a Market Car.
Also, Freight Carried, at Reasonable Rates, Either Way.
Orders from merchants and others solicited.
☞ Prompt attention to business will be given and satisfaction guaranteed.
Orders left at Joseph Pennell's store in Patterson, will receive attention.
G. W. WILSON.
April 28, 1871.

S. B. LOUDON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
WOULD respectfully inform the public that he has removed his Tailoring Establishment to a room in Major Nevin's new building, on the Parker lot, on Bridge street, Mifflintown, and has opened out a
LARGER AND FINER ASSORTMENT OF
CLOTHS,
CASSIMERES,
VESTINGS, &C.
Than ever was before brought to this town, which he is prepared to make to order in the
LATEST AND MOST IMPROVED STYLE,
And in a manner that will defy all competition. He also manufactures to order, all sorts of
CUSTOM WORK
On reasonable terms.
By strict attention to business, he hopes to receive a liberal share of public patronage. Give him a call and inspect his styles of cutting and workmanship before going elsewhere.

NEW BOOT & SHOE SHOP
In Nevin's New Building on
BRIDGE STREET, MIFFLINTOWN.
THE undersigned, late of the firm of Fasick & North, would respectfully announce to the public that he has opened a Boot and Shoe Shop in Major Nevin's New Building, on Bridge street, Mifflintown, and is prepared to manufacture, of the best material, all kinds of
BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS,
FOR
GENTS', LADIES AND CHILDREN.
He also keeps on hand a large and well-selected stock of
Ready-made Work,
of all kinds, for men, women and children.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
Give me a call, for I feel confident that I can furnish you with any kind of work you may desire.
☞ Repairing done neatly and at reasonable rates. J. L. NORTH.
May 31, 1871.

Hurrah! Hurrah!
Great Excitement at the Mifflin Chair Works!
WHY is it that everybody goes to WM. F. SNYDER when they are in need of any kind of Chairs?
BECAUSE he keeps the Best and Finest Assortment of all kinds of Chairs that was ever offered to the eyes of the public.
Reader, if you are in want of Chairs of any kind, you will do well to call on the undersigned and examine his fine stock of
Cane Seat and Windsor Chairs,
of all descriptions, before purchasing elsewhere. Having lately started in business, he is determined to do the very best he can as regards durability and cheapness, and *warrants all work manufactured by him.*
☞ Remember the Sign of the BIG RED CHAIR on the pole on the corner of Main and Cherry streets, when you want to buy good chairs.
WM. F. SNYDER.
Mifflintown, Feb 8, 1871.

WALL PAPER.
Rally to the Place where you can buy your Wall Paper Cheap.
THE undersigned takes this method of informing the public that he has just received at his residence on Third Street, Mifflintown, a large assortment of
WALL PAPER,
of various styles, which he offers for sale CHEAPER than can be purchased elsewhere in the county. All persons in need of the above article, and wishing to save money, are invited to call and examine his stock and hear his prices before going elsewhere.
☞ Large supply constantly on hand.
SIMON BASOM.
Mifflintown, April 5, 1871-tf

Poet's Corner.

TOO LATE.

JAMES WESTON.

Too late, too late, was never said
Of morning sun, or bud, or flower,—
The light is true to hill and glade,
The rosebud opens to the hour;
The lark ne'er asks the day to wait,
But man awakes too late, too late!

Too late, too late, our anger burns,
The sun goes down before the flame
To gentle words of kindness turns,
And we are scourged with inward shame
To think our breasts have harbored hate,
And pride bows down—too late, too late!

Too late, too late for public prayer,
The words of worship have begun;
Our cheeks are flushed with hastening there,
We enter as the chant is done;
And, pausing at the temple gate,
We stand and say, too late, too late!

"Too late, too late!" the poor man cries,
He asks his right, the court delays
Till ruin comes, in fearful guise;
In vain he pleads, in vain he prays,
The law requires too much debate,
And justice comes too late, too late!

"Too late, too late!" who has not said,
The post is out,—the train is gone,—
The time is fled,—the debt not paid,
The aid not sought,—the work not done;—
Neglect makes up life's weary freight,
And then we cry, "Too late, too late!"

Miscellaneous Reading.

A WOMAN ON THE BENCH.

The Great Joke of Wyoming—How the Wags Served Mrs. Judge Morris' Husband—A Wife Committing her Spouse.

My last gave in brief the history of the passage of the Woman's Suffrage act in Wyoming. I will now give some of the practical working of woman suffrage and woman office holding. The first action taken under the provisions of this law was the appointment by the Secretary, as acting Governor; of Mrs Esther Morris, of South Pass City, as a justice of the peace, for Sweetwater county—Mrs. Morris qualified, "remitted the usual fee of $75" to the Secretary, and entered upon the duties of her office.

Nothing unusual occurred for some days; everybody was satisfied with the new justice, and the new justice with everybody. One day, however, the wine of bitterness was mixed in her cup of bliss, and notwithstanding her womanly and wifely feeling, she was compelled to drink it. Her better half, who was now left in charge of the domestic department of the firm, had previous to his retirement to the sweet of domestic life, occasionally taken a social glass with his friends. Taking advantage of this weakness, some friends waited upon Mr. Morris one day, and having made Mr. Morris drunk, led him into a breach of the peace, then hastened to the Esquire's office and lodged a complaint with her Honor against her Honor's "liege lord and master," that used to be, and demanded a warrant for his arrest. Mrs Justice hesitated a moment on the banks of this woman's Rubicon, but like Cæsar she was equal to the emergency, and promptly crossed into her lord's dominions and her former master was dragged before her for trial.

Mr. Morris's head was not sufficiently clear to comprehend the situation. He began to assert his sovereign rights in contempt of court, until suddenly brought up by the officer in obedience to the court's order. Seeing that things had changed somewhat, and that Othello's occupation had been at least suspended, he began to expostulate first with the officer, until informed by that functionary that he had no discretion, but was acting under orders from the court.

"Who is the court (hic)?" inquired Mr. Morris. On being informed that the occupant of the bench was the judge, Mr. Morris looked at the justice with a puzzled air, scratched his head in an effort to collect his scattered thoughts, and ejaculated: "Her—her—(hic)—she is—that's Esther—my wife Esther—you're drunk, or—oh don't bother me (hic)," and he started to go.

"Lock up the prisoner for contempt of court," said Mrs. Morris to the officer.

"What have you to say about it, eh?" blurted out Mr. Morris, staggering menacingly toward the judge.

"You will find I have all to say about it. Officer lock him up," replied her Honor.

Although badly mixed, Mr. Morris began to get a glimmer of the truth, and began a parley.

"Now look here, Mr. Officer, don't you be in a hurry. I didn't mean any thing wrong. I want to just talk with my wife a minute." "Now, Esther, what's the use of foolin; you jist git down out o'there, and go home and behave yourself. I'll tend to this little difficulty myself. Now go right along, the baby wants nursing. I had to give it to Mrs. Winslow to get it to sleep when I came down. He's hungry, for he won't use that old bottle, and I don't blame him either. The dishes ain't washed, nor the beds made, either. And what's more I ain't goin' to do it any more, now. You hear that. Now start along."

By the time Mr. Morris had delivered himself of this, his tone had changed as his feelings warmed from that expostulation to that of a command again, and the officer forced him into the rudely constructed lock-up in the rear of her Honor's court, and there Mr. Morris was left to reflect upon the situation, and gaze upon the dividing wall between himself and wife as the dividing line between man's and woman's rights under this new dispensation.

On the following morning Mr. Morris was arraigned before her Honor, and in the most sober and subdued manner, and with the deepest humiliation, pleading guilty, asked the pardon of the Court for contempt, and then awaited his sentence with humility and resignation.

After giving the prisoner a Caudle lecture as amended by the laws of Wyoming, her Honor imposed the usual fine and required the prisoner to give bonds to keep the peace, upon which the court gallantly offered to let him go, and Mr. Morris vanished.

HAWKINS, THE POLYGAMIST SENTENCED.

Chief Justice McKean, on the morning of the 28th ult., at Salt Lake City, passed sentence upon Thomas Hawkins, the polygamist, as follows:

Thomas Hawkins, I am sorry for you—very sorry. You may not think so now, but I shall try to make you think so by the mercy which I shall show you. You came from England to this country with the wife of your youth, and for many years you were a kind husband and a kind father. At length, however, the evil spirit of polygamy tempted and possessed you. Then happiness departed from your household, and now, by the complaint of your faithful wife and the verdict of a law abiding jury, you stand at this bar as a convicted criminal.

The law gives me a large discretionary power in passing sentence upon you. I might both fine and imprison you, or I might fine or imprison you. I might imprison you for twenty years and fine you for twenty years and fine you one thousand dollars. I cannot imprison you for less than three years, nor fine you less than three hundred dollars. It is right you should be fined, among other reasons, to help to defray the expenses of enforcing the laws; but my experience in Utah has been such, that were I to fine you only, I am satisfied the fine would be paid out of other funds than yours, and thus you would go free, absolutely free from all punishment, and then those men who mislead people would make thousands of others believe that God had sent the money to pay the fine; that God had prevented the Court from sending you to prison, and, by a miracle, you had been rescued from the authorities of the United States.

I must look to it that my judgment give no aid and comfort to such men. I must look to it that my judgment be not so severe as to seem vindictive and not so light as to seem to trifle with justice—This community ought to learn that God does not interpose to rescue criminals from the consequences of their crimes, but, on the contrary, He so orders the affairs of His universe that, sooner or later, crime stands face to face with justice and justice is the master. I will say here and now, that whenever your good behavior and the public good will justify me in doing so, I will gladly recommend that you be pardoned. The judgment of this court is that you be fined $500 and that you be imprisoned at hard labor for the term of three years.

A FAMILY REMARKABLE FOR TWINS.

Near Jamestown, Russell county, Ky. there lives one of the most remarkable of families. Mr. James Jeffries, lately attending the United States court in Louisville, as a juror, tells the story. He says that he was married before he was seventeen years old, his wife being only five days younger than himself. They lived together seven years without children, when his wife gave birth to twins, a boy and girl. In the fifteen years which followed nineteen children were born to the happy couple, each of the first three births being twins and each subsequent birth alternating between twins and single births until fifteen years were accomplished and nineteen children composed the family circle, seven pairs of twins being born during the time. Mr. Jeffries is only forty five years old and is still youthful in appearance and very stout. His wife never had better health in all her life than at present, though she will not weigh 100 pounds. Her greatest weight at any time was 110 pounds. The boy of the first twins now weighs 165 pounds, the girl 125 pounds. All the boys who are grown have made large men; the girls are of good size and all the children healthy. But five out of the nineteen have died. Mr. Jeffries has ten brothers, all of whom are large men, and within the families of the eleven brothers there are thirty-seven pairs of twins, making seventy-four twin children; to say nothing of the host of single births. Five of Mr. Jeffries' children are married, and, added to all those singular facts, notwithstanding the absence of silver locks on his head, he is the grandfather of five children.

An Irishman who was recently run over by a whole train of cars, got up and asked for his cap the first thing, and afterward said he, "would not run such another risk for ten dollars."

MURDER NEAR BEDFORD.

On Thursday morning, the 26th ult. a man was found about four and a half miles below Bedford, "horribly murdered. His head was dreadfully crushed. A number of the pockets of his clothes had been cut out. A piece of a fence rail, bloody at one end, was found near the dead man, and it is believed by that neighborhood that his head was broken with it. The Bedford *Inquirer* writes further of the murder as follows: A delicate foot-print in the side of the bank from where the rail was taken out of the fence was carefully measured, and scouting parties sent out to reconnoitre. In a few moments tracks of the same size were found in a grain field to the South side of the pike, and by following the trail three or four hundred yards the murdered man's baggage or luggage was found, completely rifled. His luggage consisted of a large leather sack or pouch containing a small sack of flour, a small sack of water or soda crackers, several small pieces of cassimere, a skein of black patent thread, needles, several bits of leather, hammer, knife, pegging and sewing awls, wax ends, a bit of beeswax, a German pocket Bible, an almanac of 1844, and a common paper memorandum book. It is evident that the man did his own sewing and boot-mending. In addition to the above, several pockets, which had been cut from the coat, were found, but empty. A coffee pot, containing a piece of fresh pork and several slices of buttered bread, knife and a spoon were found with the man. The following was found on the first page of the pass-book. It had no date (year or place) but was very good writing:

Wm. A. Woiss in act with J. Jacoby.

June 6	By work for Snyder.....	87½ cts
" –	Cutting for boys	137½ cts
" –	By work.....	75 cts
" –	By work.....	137½ cts

The balance of the writing on the page could not be made out. This may possibly give some clue, to some one, of the name of the deceased. There is no clue to the perpetrator of this foul deed. Deceased may have had money on his person, particularly if he was a "regular tramper," and we think he was, and his murderer knew this and killed him for it. One Jacob Dean, a negro, has been arrested on suspicion of having committed the deed, and is now confied in jail, to await trial at the coming court. Jacob has not the most enviable reputation in this part of the country, but there are so many conflicting reports regarding the affair, that we think it advisable not to publish any statements until we get them through the court.

PECULIARITIES OF THE ARABS.

No Arab is ever curious. Curiosity with all Eastern nations is considered unmanly. No Arab will stop in the street, or turn his head round to listen to the talk of bystanders. No Arab will dance, play on an instrument, or indulge in cards or any game of chance; since games of chance are forbidden by the Koran. Never, moreover, invite an Arab to talk a walk with you for pleasure. Although the Arabs are on occasion good walkers, they have no notion of walking for amusement; they only walk as a matter of business. Their temperance, their constant out-door habits, render all exercise for exercise sake unnecessary; they cannot, therefore, understand the pleasure of walking for walking saker. What Arabs like best is to sit still, and when they see Europeans walking up and down in a public place in Algeria, they say: "Look, look, the Christians are going mad!" The Arab does not even mount on horeback except as a matter of business or for his public fetes and carousals. And when you do walk you must never walk quickly.—Just as in speaking, you should not talk fast or loud, for the Koran tells you "Endeavor to moderate thy step, and to speak in a low tone, for the most disagreeable of voices is the voice of the ass."

Indeed, it was observed by a famous Arab: "Countless are the vices of men, but one thing will redeem them all—propriety of speech." And again: "Of the word which is not spoken I am the master, but of the word which is spoken I am the slave." The famous proverb, "Speech is of silver, but silence is of gold," is a motto of Arab origin.

A silent, grave people the Arabs, and a polite one, too, as we said, very much given, nevertheless, to highway robbery on a large scale, which they call razzias in Algeria; but the Arab's tent is always open to you, and you get any amount of cous-cousou, camel's milk, or even roasted mutton if he has it. You will be treated as a guest from God as long as you are under his roof, after which "your happiness is in your hands," which means that your host who fed you in the evening may, at a decent distance from his tent, rifle your saddle bags in the morning, and let the "powder speak to you" if you object, after which, "Allah be merciful to you."—*All the Year Round.*

IF you have been tempted to evil fly from it; it is not falling into the water, but lying in it that drowns.

ROSENZWEIG IN PRISON.

"What's your name?" asked Warden Russell, as "Dr." Rosenzweig stepped up to the desk in the ante room of Sing Sing Prison, tears in his eyes and a cigar stump in his mouth.

Rosenzweig (leaning curiously forward in order to see through the hole in the glass, and speaking very softly)—My name is Yakob Rosenzweig.

Warden Russel.—Throw that cigar stump away.

Rosenzweig walked coolly up to a corner of the office, and threw it away indifferently.

Warden Russell (while Rosenzweig viewed him eagerly.)—What's your occupation?

Rosenzweig (emphatically)—I am a physician.

Warden Russell—Employed when arrested?

Rosenzweig—He? Yes. What you say? No.

Warden Russell, without looking up, wrote a word and passed on. While he scribbled his snowy cuffs appeared to advantage, and his exquisitely formed white fingers tripped over the paper with lady-like grace. A ring sparkled on his hand. Warden Russell is one of the best-dressed prison wardens in this or any other country.

Warden Russell—Do you ever drink intoxicating liquors?

Rosenzweig (as though not understanding him)—How? (Quickly.) No sir.

He had swallowed a cocktail a quarter of an hour before. He was so faint that kind Mr. Shields (the deputy sheriff) allowed him the privilege of taking his last drink for seven years.

Warden Russell—Can you read and write?

Rosenzweig—How? (Laughing). I should guess so.

He looked hideous as he laughed, his big green eyes glaring wide.

Warden Russell—Anything in your pockets?

Rosenzweig—No, sir.

Warden Russell—Nothing at all?

Rosenzweig (innocent as a lamb)—No sir.

A quarter of an hour after, on being searched, a number of papers and other things were taken out of his pockets.

Warden Russell—That's all.

The doctor stood back against the wall and cried. It was then that he implored a gentleman present to ask that he might receive better treatment than the other prisoners. When the gentleman promised him he would do him the favor he pressed his hands eagerly. His eyes filled with tears. In a voice smothered with emotion he murmured:—"Thank you, my dear, my darling sir."

The young doctor of the prison then came and marched the four prisoners into the bathroom. Rosenzweig, at first, had some scruples of modesty at undressing himself, but the attendant said gruffly:

"Quick, quick, take off all your clothes."

The keeper, who viewed Dr. Rosenzweig quite pleasantly, said:

"Rush them through; I don't give you more than fifteen minutes for all the four."

Rosenzweig dried his eyes as he undressed himself. He remained a minute or two in the bath, and laughed at some jokes of the keeper.

"He has a desperate face," the keeper remarked; "he would be a dangerous fellow if he should have the chance."

Rosenzweig was quite good humored when the grotesque garb of the prisoners, the coarse striped woolen shirt and pantaloons were pulled over him by one of the convicts who attends the bath-room. It lasted but a minute, during which his sadness had entirely vanished, so that a man asked, "Has he already hopes of getting out?" Then he was marched into one of the little stone cells for the newcomers. He will probably have to work in the stone-yards, in accordance with own wishes.

"All I wish is to have plenty of work, plenty of work," he said on the way to Sing Sing, bathed in tears.

One of the prisoners—Oh! they work the prisoners terribly. It's awful how they have to work.

Rosenzweig (scared)—Yes? Really?

The Prisoner—Oh! it's terrible. Why do you know that many have died under the work?

Rosenzweig (all white in the face and turning to a gentleman present)—Is that so? Look at my fingers. I have never worked in all my life—never.

Warden Russell intends to turn his delicate white fingers to good account—to better account than they have been put to so far.

A LITTLE boy, when asked by a lady if he studied hard at school, said, "I do not hurt myself at it!" "Ah," said the lady, "you must study hard, or you.ll never be President of the United States." "No, ma'am," replied the boy, "but I don't expect to be—I'm a Democrat."

THE light of a match will frighten a wolf away it is said. But love matches don't always keep the wolf away from the door.

SHORT ITEMS.

Cousin John is the name of a town in Georgia.

The White Mountains, N. H. are covered with snow.

Corn sells as ten cents a bushel in Jasper county, Mo

Twenty-five deaths from small-pox in Pittsburg last week.

Bogus Chicago sufferers are abundant and thieves in western cities and towns.

A Frenchman is said to have invented a lampwick that will burn for five years.

Ten dollars is to be the price of tickets to the Alexis ball, and 2,000 will be issued.

According to a Chicago paper many women have been made insane by the great fire.

When a man wants to speak at a public meeting in Prussia, he must first obtain permission of the authorities.

Forty one cases of school slates were recently shipped from Danielsville, Northampton county, to Japan.

A little son of Levi B. Swavely, of Pottstown, got a chestnut in his windpipe the other day, and choked to death.

Mr. D. E. Dyer, of Conoy township, Lancaster county, caught 700 pounds of eels with one set net on Wednesday of last week.

A young lady in Oil City, Penna., while wringing out a dress, ran a needle through the palm of her hand, and died in five minutes.

General Gorloff, of the Russian army, has invented a mitrailleuse which fires 300 to 400 rounds per minute, the range extending to 4000 paces.

It is asserted that fourteen per cent. of the fires in New York city are caused by kerosene, and the citizens are urged to report the dangerous use of that fluid.

Five ladies, representing the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Indiana, Wisconsin and Pennsylvania are now students in our State Agricultural College in Centre county.

Mr Samuel Coffinan, of East Whiteland township, Chester county, has an orchard containing 25 trees which have produced the present season over 400 bushels of apples.

In Germany the barbers have struck for five cents for hair-cutting, and two and a half cents for shaving. They are now receiving three and a half cents and one and a half cents respectively.

The Detroit papers have discovered a new method of driving away the organ-grinders. Every day or two they have a paragraph like this; "Organ-grinders in Memphis make about ten dollars a day."

A gentleman from a village near Chicago became indignant because his visits to all the the churches where refugees are housed, in search of a servant, was fruitless, expresses the opinion that they have not been burned out enough.

A new journal has been started in England in the tobacco interest, not as the organ of the trade, but devoted to the literature of smoking. It will discuss all matter connected with that bad habit, from coloring a pipe to wrapping a segarrette.

A careless spectator overturned a chair in the Oyer and Terminer court room recently, whereupon Judge Barnard, with praiseworthy [severity, rebuked such recklessness with the admonition, "Be careful and do not break that chair, as it has already cost the city $400,000 to repair it."

Judge Jeremiah S. Black writes in a recent letter to the York (Penn.) *Gazette*: "The horrible and disgusting frauds in New York have done more to grieve and dishearten the friends of good government than any other thing that has occurred within my recollection. To save the Democratic party alive, it must repudiate these scoundrels utterly. If they fail to do it, they will go down to political perdition.

A Tennessee man, residing where forests and game are plenty, says that his boys, who all have a gun apiece, became short of percussion caps a few days ago, and the first thing he knew they were shooting with match-heads as a substitute. How many boxes of matches he had lost in that way he did not say, but he found they fired as clear as the cap itself. Here is a chance for some man to make a fortune by getting out a new patent.—All that is necessary is to adapt the gun-lock to the match-head.

To the long catalogue of fire, tempest, earthquake shocks, volcanic eruptions, tornadoes and convulsions generally, is now to be added the following—the story is told by the *Times*, of India: Advices from Ihangara state that, at a place forty miles distant on the hills, a thunder-bolt fell on the 22d of August, after a heavy down pour of rain. The ground was literally cut up in consequence, and the whole of the huts standing there, as well as their inmates, were swallowed up in the chasm. Such a catastrophe has never been known in Sind. Some fifty or sixty persons perished.